

CHAOS!
COMICS



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(of 5)
SEPT '98 shaw001

THE WOMEN

16 MONTHS
UNTIL THE END



• JUSTINIANO •
MORALES & JENSEN • 1997 •

THE OMEN™

#5 (of 5) Hexagram #6: Conflict



Gallows: Spy. Assassin. Werewolf. Visionary. Gallows has seen the future and knows our only hope to survive the coming Armageddon is a group of supernaturally talented but challenged teens. Which one is The Chosen?



Voodoo Childe: Orphan. Mystic. A sensuous Earth child who escaped the confines of an uncaring institutional system, she calls herself Vanessa Childe and searches for the truth.



Vex: Beautiful. Deadly. Unstable. The spurned daughter of Chaos! Lord Genocide, is she friend or foe? Is she the Chosen, or the key to something far more sinister?



Rip: Juvenile delinquent. Rebel. Danny McCarty was a typically misunderstood teenager. Now he has discovered he transforms into Rip, the elemental incarnation of anger-fuelled energy, he's learning to cope and kick ass.



Oblivia: Gang banger. Street child. Rosa Martinez was queen DJ of the barrio rave scene before a vampire changed her. Stubborn, tenacious, and anti-social, Oblivia is a blood drinking wild card in Gallows's plan.



Carcass: Rehab survivor. Dead man. His name's Rashad, and before he died he turned his life around. Brought back from the dead by Dr. Price as Crippler, now he carves out his own path as he searches for truth and peace.

Created by: Brian Pulido

Written by: Phil Nutman

Illustrated by: Justiniano

Inked by: Ken Branch

Colored by: Lewis Studios

Lettered by: Conicraft's Dave Lanphear

Cover by: Justiniano & Jason Jensen

Edited by: Brian Pulido & Brad Gould

Graphic Design by: Jay Armbrust

Story So Far

Werewolf Morgan Gallows has experienced an apocalyptic dream, a vision of Armageddon. Playing a key role in that omen are five troubled supernatural teens: Oblivia, Rip, Carcass, Voodoo Childe, and the amnesiac demi-goddess, Vex. One of them holds the key to mankind's survival, but the mysterious villain known as The Savior has other plans for The Chosen. Having barely survived one attack by the Savior's disciples, Gallows is badly wounded, and to make matters worse, Serendipity the psychomorph has possessed Rip. The last battle is about to begin. Tonight it ends -- but the Savior has turned Vex against the others...



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LOS ANGELES.

STILL WEAK FROM THE SAVOR'S PREVIOUS ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, GALLOWS WELCOMES THE SIGHT OF CARCASS.

STOP!

NOW YOU DIE, GALLOWS.
IT ENDS TONIGHT.

RASHAD -- THAT'S NOT DANNY TALKING! SAVOR GOT TO HIM!

FIGHT IT, MCCARTY!

I SAID --
STOP!

DANNY'S POSSESSED -- SOMETHING INSIDE HIM.

MORGAN, I--
YOU'RE WEAK, WOLFMAN.
STAY OUT OF IT, DEAD MAN.





WAAAAA



THE SAVIOR'S MANSION IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS...

NOW IS THE TIME, VEX. WE MUST DEFEAT OUR ENEMIES. HELP ME.

AND WHAT DO I GET IN RETURN?

ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES.

THEN LET US GO AND DESTROY THIS MORGAN GALLOWS.

GOOD! GOOD!

THERE'S NO WAY I CAN WARN THEM IN TIME. I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW AS AIR.

JUST PRAY VEX CAN'T SENSE ME.

SPIRITS OF AIR, LOAS OF THE WIND -- WRAP ME IN THY BLESSING, PROTECT ME FROM EVIL.





AAGGH!

BOOM!

KERASH

GOOD PUNCH, DEAD MAN -- SHAME IT'LL BE YOUR LAST...

ELSEWHERE IN SOUTH CENTRAL...

I HATE THIS NEIGHBORHOOD... PROMISED MYSELF I'D NEVER COME BACK HERE... NEVER SEE HER AGAIN...

@#\$%!
BUT I GOTTA KNOW...



RED ROCKS, COLORADO.
THE PRIVATE RETREAT
OF THE MYSTERIOUS
EQUINOX GROUP...

BLAKE
DOUBTS OUR
PURPOSE.

DO YOU
THINK HE WILL
INTERFERE, DE
CHARDIN?

WHAT
COULD HE
DO?

POSSIBLY.
BUT MARILYN
IS RIGHT. HE IS
POWERLESS TO STOP
US. WE MUST -- AND
WILL FULFILL SAINT
JOAN'S VISION OF
ARMAGEDDON. IT
IS THE ONLY
PATH.



DE CHARDIN HAS
HIS OWN AGENDA. HOW
DO WE TRULY KNOW
WHAT JOAN'S VISION
WAS.

SHE
STARTED TO
SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT A MISTAKE
BEFORE SHE
DIED.

GALLOWS
IS A *WILD CARD*
BUT THE SAVIOR IS
EVIL. HOW CAN WE
JUSTIFY GENOCIDE?



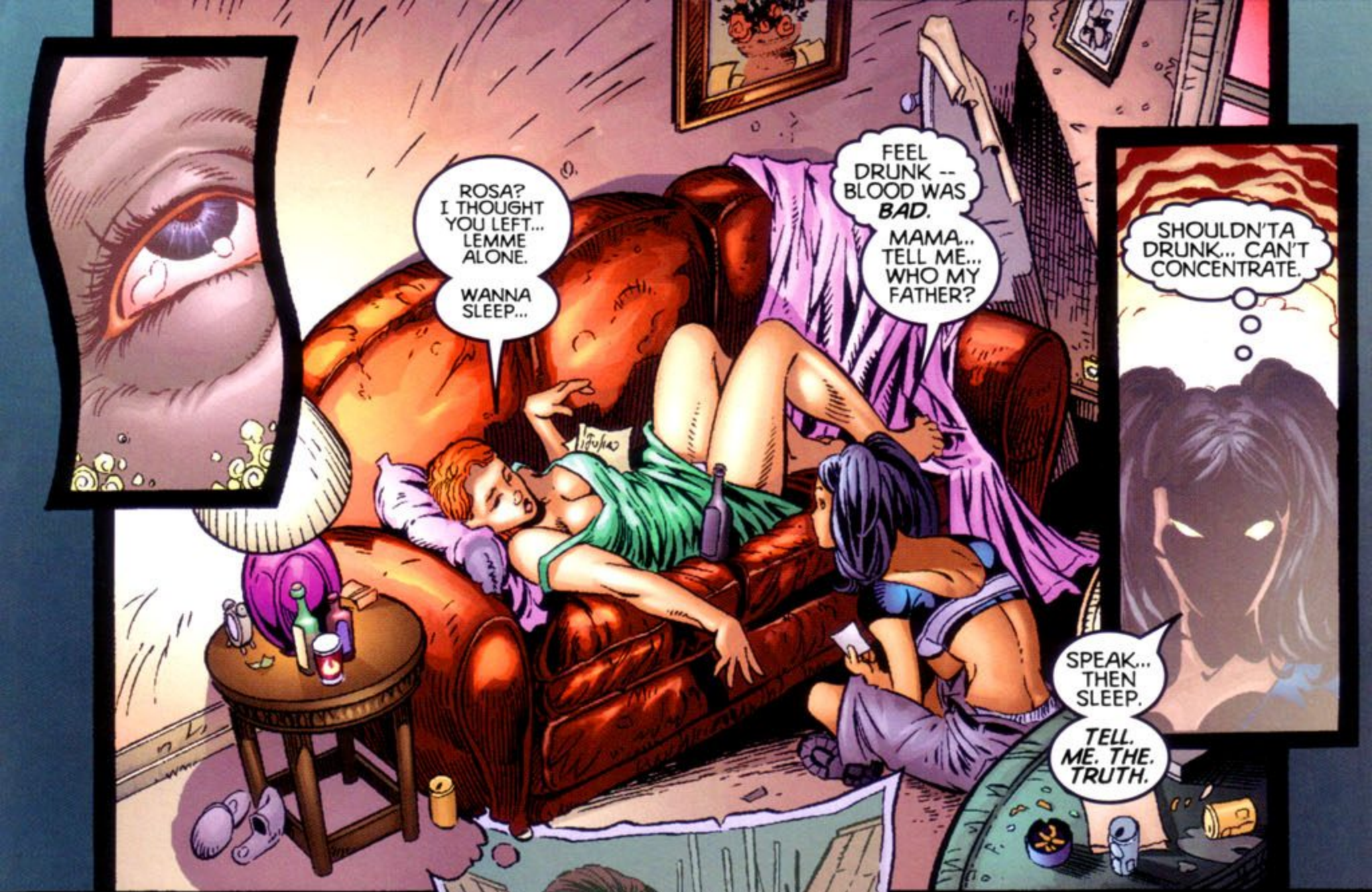
WE
MADE A
MISTAKE. I
HAVE HAD A
VISION --

Oh!

THEY
UNDERESTIMATE
ME. I MAY APPEAR
A WEAK OLD MAN,
BUT I CAN STILL
USE MY
FACULTIES.

BUT
I NEED
GUIDANCE. I
MUST GO ON
A VISION
QUEST...





ROSA?
I THOUGHT
YOU LEFT...
LEMME
ALONE.

WANNA
SLEEP...

FEEL
DRUNK --
BLOOD WAS
BAD.

MAMA...
TELL ME...
WHO MY
FATHER?

SHOULDN'TA
DRUNK... CAN'T
CONCENTRATE.

SPEAK...
THEN
SLEEP.

TELL
ME. THE
TRUTH.



FATHER...?

DON'
KNOW...

LEMME...
SLEEP...

LOOK...
LOOK AT.
THIS.
IS HE MY
FATHER?

YOUR... FATHER?...
MAYBE, I DON'T KNOW...
BUT... I'M NOT YOUR
MAMA... I CAN'T HAVE
NO CHILDREN...

OW!
YOU
HURTING
ME!

TELL
ME THE
TRUTH OR
I'LL --
I'LL...

MAYBE
HE YOUR
FATHER --
DON'T KNOW
OR CARE...

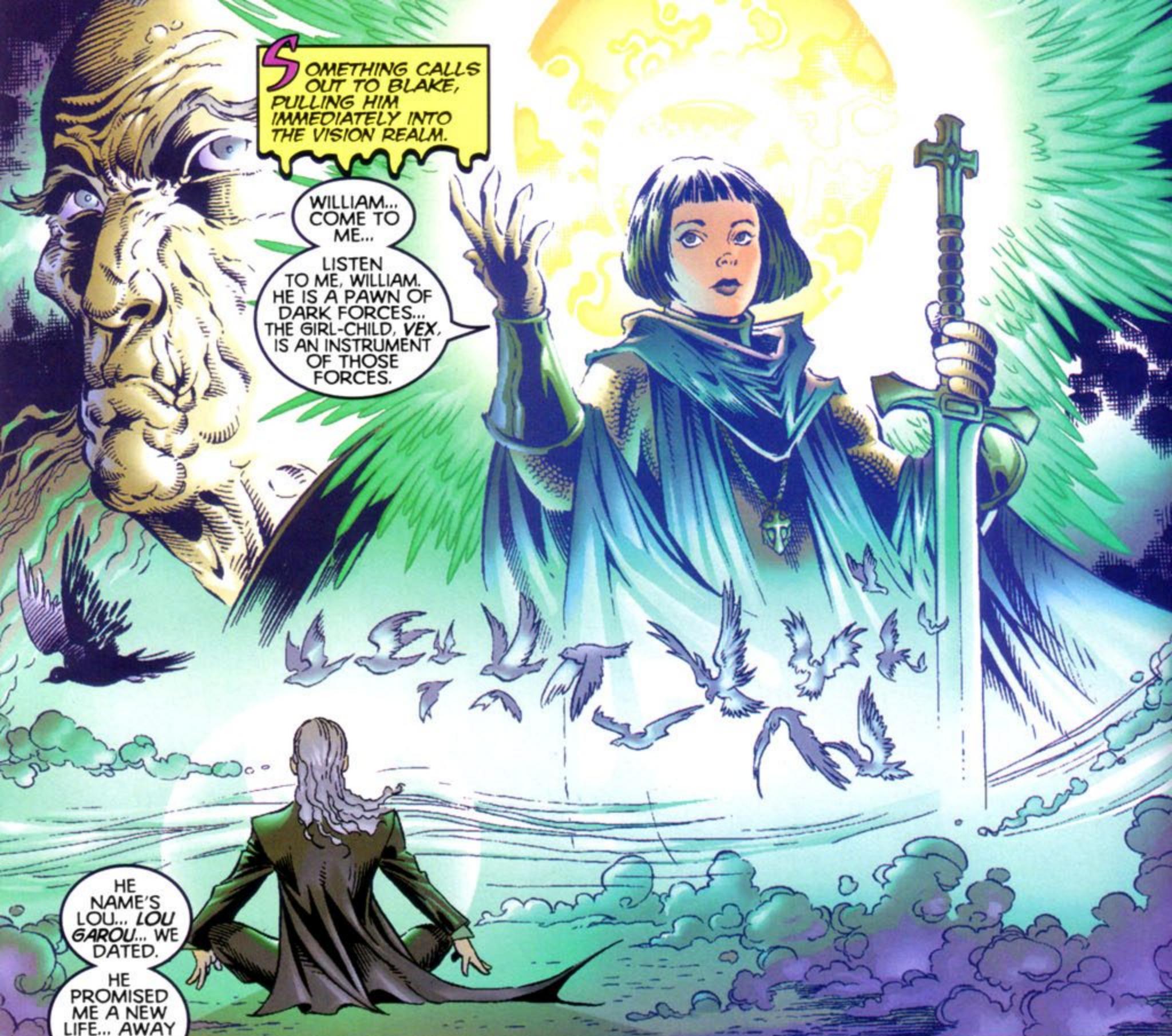
HE CAME
INTO MY
LIFE, THEN...

COLORADO...

WHEN HE WAS "ALIVE" WILLIAM BLAKE
WAS RENOWNED AS A VISIONARY. HE
COULD SEE THINGS OTHERS COULDN'T.
AND THOSE VISIONS, THOSE IMAGES
INFLUENCED HIS PAINTING, HIS POETRY,
HIS PHILOSOPHY...

CLEAR
MY MIND...
BREATHE DEEPLY...
OPEN MYSELF
TO THE
TRUTH...





SOMETHING CALLS OUT TO BLAKE, PULLING HIM IMMEDIATELY INTO THE VISION REALM.

WILLIAM... COME TO ME...
LISTEN TO ME, WILLIAM. HE IS A PAWN OF DARK FORCES... THE GIRL-CHILD, VEX, IS AN INSTRUMENT OF THOSE FORCES.

HE NAME'S LOU... LOU GAROU... WE DATED.

HE PROMISED ME A NEW LIFE... AWAY FROM HERE...

THEN ONE DAY... HE DISAPPEAR...

THEN ONE DAY... SOME OTHER WOMAN TURN UP... WITH A BABY...

AN' MONEY... PAID ME TO RAISE YOU...

SERENA... THAT WAS HER NAME... SAID SHE WAS LOU'S SISTER... THAT HE WUZ DEAD... AN' HE WANTED ME TO RAISE YOU... I LOVED HIM... SO...



THE CHOSEN ONE IS BORN OF ANGEL AND WOLF...







IT'S HER --
SERENDIPITY --
SHE'S
POSSESSED
DANNY.

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING I CAN
DO TO HELP
HIM.

HOLD ON,
DANNY! I'M
COMING!

NO!
ACK



LEAVE
HIM
ALONE!

Hee-Hee!
I KNEW YOU
WERE JUST
LIKE ME --
LET'S PLAY
CHASE!



LOOK!

IT'S A
MONSTER!

CALL THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!



LOOK
OUT!

NNNYRR!

Mrs.
PRINTZ --
ANYONE SEE
HER?!



SO SHE'S
NOT MY MAMA!
BUT WHAT ABOUT
WOLFMAN? HE'S
GONNA TELL ME --
EVEN IF I HAVE
TO BEAT IT
OUTTA 'IM!





GET OUT!

Ooo! SHE'S STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT! I DON'T LIKE THIS!

EEEEEE!

AARRGH!

IT'S OVER, OLD MAN. TONIGHT YOU DIE. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE -- DESTROY THEM ALL!

I SHOULD'VE KILLED YOU A LONG TIME AGO.

IT'S ALL LIES! ILLUSIONS! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!

VANESSA? SHE'S MY FRIEND.

DON'T LISTEN TO HER!

I CREATED YOU -- NOW I'LL DESTROY YOU!

FOOL!

CHAOS! MUST REPLACE ORDER!

DO IT! DESTROY THEM! YOU ARE A DAUGHTER OF CHAOS!



I FEEL...
STRANGE...
WHAT'S
HAPPEN...

BROTHER!
MUST REVIVE
HIM!

ARRAGGGH!

MEET
YOUR GOD,
SAVIOR!



...HAPPENING? --
WRETCHED
ORDER!

FEEL
THE POWER
OF PURE
CHAOS!

SHE'S MINE,
GALLAWS.

WHA--?!

AHHHA!

NNRRR!

YAA!

EVIL
SPIRITS!
I MUST
PROTECT
THEM!
Oh,
LOA OF
LIGHT, OF
LIFE -- HELP
ME!

C'MON
OLD MAN,
MOVE! THIS
PLACE IS ABOUT
TO CAVE
IN!

GRANPA!

DISPERSE
NOW!

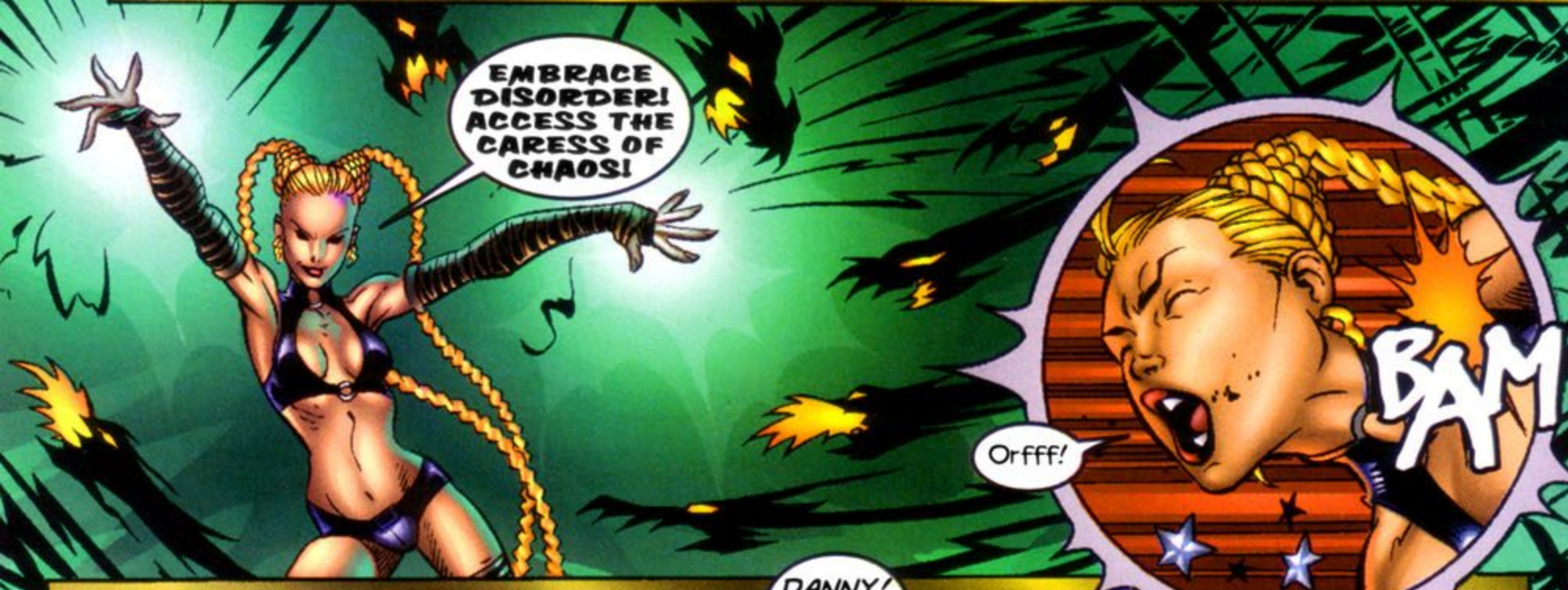
THEY
NEED
HELP.







THESE
FREAKS ARE
DESTROYING
EVERY-
THING!



EMBRACE
DISORDER!
ACCESS THE
CARESS OF
CHAOS!

Orfff!

BAM



DANNY!
YOU
OKA --



YOU...

YEAH,
BITCH --
REMEMBER
ME?

YOU ARE
TAINTED
WITH
ORDER.



Oh,
YEAH?

YOU
ON MY
TURF, GIRL --
YOU GONNA
PAY!

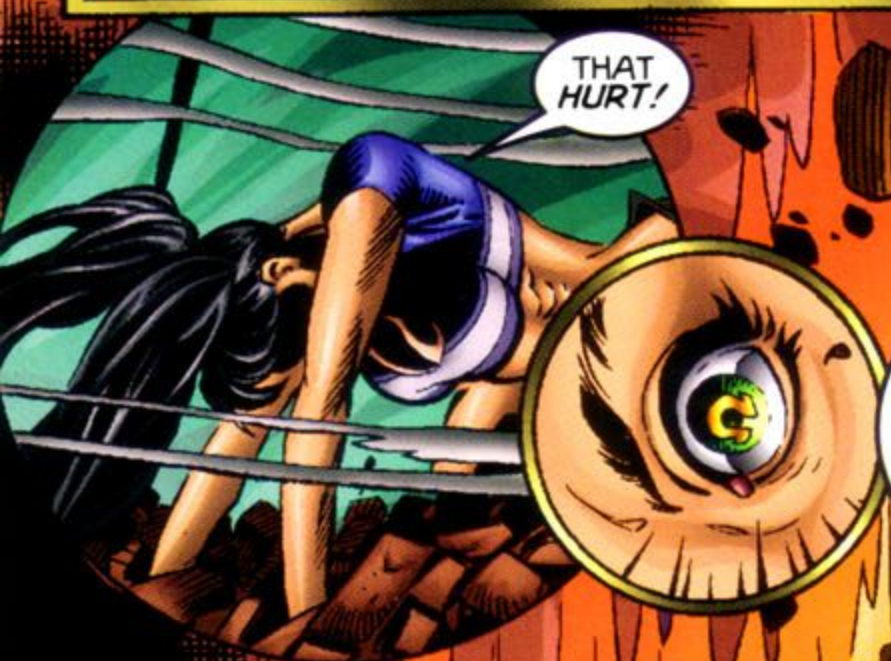
BRING
'EM
DOWN!



DESTROY
HER! DESTROY
THEM ALL!



Oooohhh!



THAT
HURT!

*This is
WHO you are...
Embrace the
light...
The
Darkness is
part of you... but
it is NOT WHAT
you are... you are
something
MORE...*



BLINDING...



OBLIVIA?



NO!
*We belong
Together!*



From the journal
of Morgan Gallows.
None of us quite
understand what
happened, although
I have an idea...



It's enough to
make you believe
in MIRACLES...

The force of
the blast
knocked us
all out.

Rashad was
the first of
us to revive.

Rashad got us
out of there
before there was
more trouble...

FAITHLESS
ONE... HEAR
MY CALL...

I HAVE
COME TO
CLAIM
YOU...

Savior and his minions
were already gone. Why
they didn't try to finish
us off, I don't know...

M ALIBU. TWO DAYS LATER...

HEY, WOLFMAN... GALLOWES... I GOTTA ASK YOU SOMETHIN'.

I wasn't expecting Rosa's questions. I didn't know how to answer them.



SO --

HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW IF I'M YOUR FATHER. YEAH, I KNEW YOUR MAMA, BUT SHE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH -- SHE CAN'T HAVE KIDS.

There was seldom a day when I didn't think of Serena.



SO WHO'S THIS SERENA?

SERENA? GOD, THAT WAS SO LONG AGO... A ONE NIGHT STAND. SHE WAS SOMEONE SPECIAL... SOMEONE DIFFERENT. SHE DISAPPEARED. IT'S A LONG STORY...

SO TELL ME.



NOT RIGHT NOW. BELIEVE ME... IT'S A LONG, STRANGE, WONDERFUL STORY.

Serena saved my life. But I didn't know how to explain it all to Rosa -- not then, anyway.



But the thought Rosa might be my kid...

It felt right somehow. Deep down I sensed it could be true.

THE OTHERS ARE WAITING.
YOU KNOW WHAT?
WHAT?



FOR A WOLFMAN, YOU AIN'T BAD...
...DAD.



TWO DAYS AGO I POSED A QUESTION: COULD YOU ALL MAKE THE LEAP OF FAITH AND BELIEVE ME? WOULD YOU JOIN ME?

COUNT ME IN.

SORRY, RASHAD -- CHECK-MATE.

DAMN! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY LIKE THAT?



I GOT NOTHIN' LEFT...

I'M IN.



DANNY? ROSA?



THA'S *OBLIVIA* TO YOU, WOLFMAN.

WHAT YOU THINK?



RIP... NOT DANNY.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

THIS BEATS BEIN' AT HOME.



VEX?

HRMMF!

I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT I AM, BUT I KNOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING, AND I'M A PART OF IT.

BUT THIS... THIS FEELS GOOD... LIKE FAMILY.

I WANT TO STAY.

GOOD. YOU *ARE* WELCOME HERE.

Can we trust our perceptions? We have to -- it's all we have to go on.

Could I trust the Omen, my terrible vision? Experience had taught me to listen to my instincts, to heed the signposts, even if I couldn't always read them clearly.

I'd seen them in my dreams, knew things about them the rational mind cannot explain. But my instinct said yes. This gang of misfits were our ONLY HOPE.

What happened that night? What transformation overcame Oblivia? I had a suspicion, But nothing I could voice. The others remember little. But it gave me a real sense of hope. And she was special -- in more ways than one.

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY. IT'S GOING TO GET A WHOLE LOT WORSE.

NONE OF US MAY SURVIVE WHAT'S AHEAD OF US.

It was a new dawn. Each day brings a fresh start. But somewhere beyond the horizon, tensing like a lion about to pounce, was the tide of darkness that is the uncertain future.

As I looked into the sunrise, beguiled by the tranquil sea, I remember some lines Oscar Wilde had written:

"and down the long a silent street. The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet crept like a frightened Girl.

I had never felt so burdened with RESPONSIBILITY; I had never felt so afraid.

But fear is a man's best friend -- it keeps him ALIVE.

*The End...
Of The
Beginning!*



COMMENTS



Write to: cOMMENTS • 7645 East Evans Rd. • Suite 6 • Scottsdale, AZ 85260

Last month I took you behind the scenes of the creative process and revealed how Brian Pulido and I created the characters who appear in *The Omen*. Part of that process involved use of the *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese Book of Change, and I promised this month to explain how that works.

The *I Ching* has been used by the Chinese to explore the meaning of human affairs for thousands of years. It may well be the oldest book on the planet. Like the Old Testament, The Book of Change was a co-operative effort spanning many centuries. Simply put, it is an organic guide to how things change. It is not, as people often believe, merely a fortune telling system.

The revered philosopher Confucius spent much of his life studying the *I Ching* and believed in using the book as a credo to determine and define his inner development. So what exactly is it? The Book of Change is composed of 64 hexagrams which are symbols representing psychological portraits, aspects of ourselves and the world around us. When we consult the *I Ching* we isolate the present moment and predict the future.

Using three coins tossed randomly, we build a hexagram line by line. Lines are either Yin (feminine) or Yang (masculine), broken or unbroken. The

hexagram which acts as the title for this issue looks like this:



So what's all this got to do with *The Omen*? Well, since the book deals with premonitions and visions of the coming Armageddon, I thought it would be an interesting experiment to see what hexagrams occurred and how -- if at all -- they either reflected or directly influenced the plot and unfolding of events as Brian and I saw them.

And it worked. There was a beautiful symmetry between hexagram and idea, symbol and plot point. And as such the book took on a life of its own, just like the characters had. For me, the process of writing became an hallucinatory experience -- I didn't know where these images were coming from; I didn't know certain characters would go through changes until they occurred.

I was a channel, a live wire, transmitting something primed by the *I Ching*.

It was a hell of a way to work.

Well, *The Omen* is over but

the beginning of the end is now upon us.

In closing, I want to thank my collaborator, Justiniano, for producing some of the most stunning artwork I've ever seen. *The Omen* wouldn't be the book it is without his amazing talent.

No letters this issue. I've been saving the following for last -- a poem by our resident Poet Fiend, Mr. Ed J. Wood of Las Vegas.

Thanks Ed!

Sincerely,

— Phil Nutman

Voodoo Childe, deep and mild
Nothing's gonna move your soul
Let the rest be possessed
You are gonna keep control

Voodoo Childe, Creole styled
Where is it that you belong?
On the street, incomplete
Listen to the world's sad song

Let them go, they don't know
That is why they run and hide
You're not blind in your mind
Loa's voice will be your guide

Voodoo Childe, running wild
No one's gonna tie you down
Let each day show the way
Spread your mojo all around.



The IMPENDING CHAOS!

#11



YOUR MONTHLY NEWS SOURCE ON ALL THINGS CHAOS! - AUGUST '98

From The Crypt

Architects of Armageddon

First Night: The Threshold

I can scrape a few facts together. A few facts are clear.

Fact One: at a three-day creative conference in the Arizona desert, Brian Pulido, Phil Nutman, and I, David Quinn, declared, deduced, and discovered the bare-bones design of every Chaos! Cosmos story between now and December 1999.

Fact Two: the outcome will be Armageddon, the story that quite possibly ends all stories. We're locked in, no turning back, 16 months to The End, so make the most of the ride, fiends. Want to know what will happen to Lady Death, Evil Ernie, Chastity, Purgatori, and all your favorites? We know and we ain't tellin'.

Fact Three: we seem to have survived the journey. Your Unholy Trio, or creatures resembling us, are back in our respective studios, getting the dream on paper.

Fact Four: they call us the Architects of Armageddon. But we didn't create it, not exactly. I promised my cohorts I wouldn't spill, but I can't keep it a secret any longer, fiends. We went into the desert wholly prepared to immerse ourselves in the creative process. Leaving distractions and transactions behind, we made what the mythic-minded would call a "vision quest" into Armageddon. And we trudged back three days later hauling a mother-load hoard of raw creative material; our bags were overstuffed with page upon page of scribbled detailed notes, broad-stroke lists, outcomes for every character in our Cosmos, and feverish sketches of the End Times. We came back with the proverbial elixir. We received the visions.

The first scientists believed base metal could be transmuted into gold. They called this process alchemy. Somehow, in the desert, blood alchemy had taken place: everything we needed to produce the 48 self-contained comic book stories of Armageddon was in our hands. But we can't tell you how we received the visions, not exactly. Want to know what it feels like? It feels like we are not the storytellers. The story is using us to be told!

The moon was a cold silver crescent, low in the dark sky. The air was windless, crisp, cold, which invigorated me; I usually experience Arizona as

too hot for my cold Northern blood. We hiked from the Chaos! Compound, with fresh water, food, and blank paper packed on our backs. We had maps and a compass, but to tell the truth, we didn't think we'd need them. We weren't going that far- physically.

I began to propose a work agenda, figuring that we could walk and talk, when a dark brown lizard zigged and zagged between my boots. "Hey!" I called out to Phil and Brian, "I was researching the Hopi Traditionalists, and they say if you see a lizard, pay attention to your dreams!"

"Cool," Brian answered, "Let's talk about structure later. Let's just walk, and pay attention to what comes as we walk."

"David, what do the Hopi Traditionalists say it means if you see a scorpion?" Phil asked.

"Dance, sucker," I answered. Then we were quiet for a while.

Wild songs of every kind of desert bird urged us on. Calls from coyotes in the mountains were both mournful and comic. Sage, juniper, and cedar scents were so pungent, I thought my body would surely smell of them for weeks. Walking as the sun and the heat rose was doing something strange to my senses. If you haven't been there, I can't explain it. I was moving out of our time frame and into a primal one, one where you might use a word like "sacred" without a trace of irony. "The word that comes to mind is sacred," I said.

"We are guests here, no doubt about it," Phil answered softly.

"Agreed. Use the sunscreen and remember, drink water every twenty minutes," Brian advised. "The desert is saying, 'I can kill you many ways, but I am also full of fun, boys.'"

No one needed to ask Brian how he knew that. And we walked on.

Next time, I'll tell you about the MIND FIRE!

Fiend About Town,

- David Quinn

The Low Down

We Wish You A Psychotic Christmas!

Hot on the heels of his sold out summer one-shot Dream A Little Dream, Smiley is set to return to a comic store near you this Christmas. Everybody's favorite psychotic button will be wreaking havoc while spreading his own version of holiday cheer. The Smiley Anti-Holiday Special will ship in early December and is sure to add a welcome dose of insanity to the hap-hap-happiest time of the year. Let your local comic shop know that you want a stocking full of Smiley for Christmas so that you don't get frozen out!

Tastes Like Chicken...

Fiends can't live on comics alone. That's why any self-respecting Chaos! reader will want their very own copy of Indonesian Cuisine, the brand spanking new cookbook from Pulido Publications. Edited by our own Francisca Pulido and written by Esly van de Weerd-Schieffelaers (Fran's mother), this book is the gourmet way to send your tastebuds on a vacation from ramen noodles and t.v. dinners. Look for Indonesian Cuisine in your local bookstore (yes, bookstore) or you can order it directly through Pulido Publications by calling (888) 242-6713 Ext. 558.

Cryptic Writings Trade Coming

Tired of hunting all over town for the sold out mini-series The Cryptic Writings of Megadeth? Then be sure to visit your favorite

comic store this November when Chaos! releases the Cryptic Writings of Megadeth trade paperback. All four must-have issues are combined into one power packed volume for your head-banging pleasure! Witness the birth of Megadeth mascot Vic Rattlehead in "Skull Beneath the Skin" and live the life of a serial killer in "Good Mourning/Black Friday". There are twelve songs in all, so turn the volume up to eleven and enjoy this rock and roll for the eyes- Chaos! style!

Goddess at war!

The biggest title fight this fall won't take place in a boxing ring- it's in the pages of Chaos! It's a winner-takes-all rematch as the first lady of Hell, Lady Death, takes on Purgatori, comics number one vampire! Too big to be confined to a single issue, this explosive story will span both Purgatori #2 and Lady Death #10, and will be written by David Quinn and illustrated by Al Rio (Part 1) and Steven Hughes (Part 2). Pull up a ringside seat this October and witness the grudge match of the century! I coulda been a contender!

Get Creamed This Fall

When is a comic more than just a comic? When you get six extra pages of art! And that's just what you get when Cremator kicks off his five issue mini-series this November. After more than two years in the making, artist and writer Leonardo Jimenez (Rack and Pain) couldn't keep the action between the covers of an average-sized comic. Follow the Guardian of Hell as he prepares to battle great armies poised to conquer the nether realm. He is a being of power wrapped in flesh and bone-- the possessor of a furious rage that consumes and destroys those before him. He is Cremator!

Hughes Portfolio Coming

So what Christmas gift can you get for the Chaos! fanatic who has everything? The Steven Hughes Portfolio of course! Featuring the sultry women of the Chaos! cosmos such as Lady Death and Stiletto, this collection includes eight spectacular 11" x 14" illustrations suitable for framing. And, as if this weren't great enough, 500 of the portfolios will be signed by the artist himself!

These limited run portfolios are perfect for both the die hard fan and those who have yet to experience Chaos! in their lives. Order yours through your neighborhood comic shop today- once they're gone, they're gone!

Online Update

The Chaos! web site keeps on getting better and better! If you haven't seen it yet lately then you haven't seen it at all. Great new features include a new (and easier to use) chat room, access to lots of new preview art, and up-to-the-minute Chaos! news. The web site is also the best place to see all of the cool new Chaos! stuff available through Collector's Corner. Next time you are surfing the web, stop by chaoscomics.com. You won't be disappointed!

Upcoming Online Chats

Do you have a question, comment, opinion, or even a gripe about the Chaos! cosmos? Then let the creators know about it! Chat with the writers that shape the future of Chaos! by finding your way to chatroom @ chaoscomics.com. All chats begin at 9:00 EST.

SEPTEMBER		
1st	David Quinn	Topic - Purgatori
8th	Phil Nutman	Topic - Evil Ernie
15th	Brian Pulido	Topic - Chaos!

Check the web site for more Chaos! special events!

Quick News

Stay tuned to the San Diego Comic Convention for a major announcement from Chaos! This one is going to be huge, folks! Got a favorite Chaos! character that you would like to see as an action figure? Let us know about it. E-mail us at service@chaoscomics.com or call (888) Chaos13 Ext. 556. How does Evil Ernie celebrate Christmas? Find out in Evil Ernie #7. You can bet he will be getting a lump of coal in his stocking this year... Chaos! writers Phil Nutman, David Quinn, and Hart Fisher will be on tour this fall. Check with your local comics shops to see if they will be in your town. Chastity: Rocked is looking like the runaway hit of the fall. Order now! Smiley Dream A Little Dream was the fastest title to sell out in Chaos! history. Don't forget to look for the Supernaturals from Chaos! and Marvel Comics this October. Spooky stuff!

The Chaos! To Come Checklist

Need more Chaos! in your life? Let your local comic store owner know and ask them to reserve your copies. Most comic stores offer a subscription service -- Just ask!

August '98

- Lady Death #8 \$2.95
- Evil Ernie #3 \$2.95
- The Omen #5 (of 5) \$2.95
- Evil Ernie vs. The Superheroes II \$2.95
- Pandemonium: Deliverance \$2.95

September '98

- Lady Death #9 \$2.95
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